

THE NUR AF SHAN

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No. 41

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Oct. 3.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Isis* has put in to Zante having lost her propeller and is leaking.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Isis* carried the Indian Mails. She is leaking badly and the captain has telegraphed for a man of war with divers. A cylinder burst and the propeller screw broke, falling into the sea.

The tables in the smoking room above the engines were blown into the air and there were several hair-breadth escapes but nobody was hurt.

The following is a special telegram to the *Empire* :—

The outward Indian mails of the 28th of September will, it is feared, be greatly delayed as the result of a serious accident. The cylinder of the steamer *Isis* burst on Monday. The propeller screw sank. The captain, the third officer and engine-room staff narrowly escaped death. The smoke-room tables were blown up and smashed to atoms. No one was injured. The *Isis* is now at Zante. The captain wanted to proceed to Port Said, but the passengers protested that it was dangerous to do so. The officers' coolness is greatly praised. The boats were prepared and lowered.

A telegram from Cairo states that the Turco-Egyptian Com. missioners have signed the Boundary agreement which is practically a straight line from Rafah to a point three miles west of Akabah, the only deviation being a small concession to Turkey near Akabah.

It is understood that President Roosevelt has decided to send Mr. Magoon, the designate Vice-Governor of the Philippines, to relieve Mr. Taft in Cuba.

London, Oct. 4.

A missionary, who has travelled the territory where the Zulu rising took place in Natal, described the region as desolate with the bodies of rebels lying about unburied. Food is scarce and the people starving.

London, Oct. 3.

General Fanstan has arrived at Havana and been formally appointed to command the American army of occupation in Cuba.

London, Oct. 4.

There have been 164 persons killed and 576 wounded in the streets of Warsaw during the last four months.

The police have seized 110 bombs and a quantity of dynamite at the Engineering School and Ministry of Railways at St. Petersburg.

An Imperial decree has been issued at St. Petersburg authorising the sale of twenty million acres of Siberian land to the peasants.

London, Oct. 5.

Nineteen of the Kronstadt mutineers were executed yesterday morning.

The Greek church at Constantza in Roumania is ablaze. It is supposed to be another symptom of the anti-Greek feeling.

London, Oct. 6.

The *Dreadnought* in her trials attained a speed of 21½ knots which is half a knot in advance of the estimate—she is the fastest battleship in the world.

The Admiralty announces that her manœuvring was exception-

ally good and her ease in steering and handling remarkable and she is also a good seaboat.

London, Oct. 7.

M. Takahashi interviewed said on his return to Japan he had redeemed internal war loans and proposes to issue at a favourable moment twenty-five millions sterling for conversion of the foreign six per cent loans.

London, Oct. 6.

General Starynkevitch, Governor of Sembirsk, has died as the result of injuries from a bomb.

A court-martial opened at St. Petersburg on Admiral Nebogoff, commander of the Third Baltic Fleet, and also on the captains and part of the crew of the vessels, the charge being of surrendering to the Japanese without fighting.

At the end of October a party of Danish financiers representing the East Asiatic Company sail for Siam, China and Japan.

Prince Waldemar and possibly Prince George of Greece accompany them.

London, Oct. 7.

The German Minister Herr Rosen has arrived at Fex on a special mission.

London, Oct. 6.

A fresh tornado has ripped a narrow path through five miles of the residential part of New Orleans.

The damage done amounts to half a million dollars.

London, Oct. 7.

A telegram from Milan says that the Rome express was derailed in a fog last night at Piacenza. Six carriages were smashed to matchwood and five passengers killed and fifty injured.

London, Oct. 8.

Bombs have been thrown at the Vice Governor of Kagan and Commander of Sevastopol. Both were wounded. The assassins escaped.

There is continued activity of police at St. Petersburg resulting in almost daily discoveries of bombs and dynamite. Five bombs and ten pounds of dynamite were found in possession of a girl student.

The following is a special telegram to the *Empire* :—

The palace of the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt has been prepared for the Tsaritsa and her children.

The *Tageblatt* fears the break of a reign of terror in St. Petersburg.

A special telegram to the *Englishman* from London, dated October 7th says :—

Two companies and one squadron of the Cairo garrison stand to arms each night.

Admiralty preparations in the event of trouble will allow of the immediate transportation of twenty-five thousand reinforcements.

The Sultan of Morocco has taken under his protection a Saharan fanatical sorcerer, named Maclain, who, with his followers, has arrived at Marakesh where they assaulted several Europeans including two Germans.

By orders of the Sultan all officials have placed themselves at the disposal of Maclain.

London, Oct. 9.

The President of the notorious Union of the Russian People is touring in the country in view of the coming Duma elections. He was received by the Governor-General of Odessa who promised every support to the Union propaganda.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have just received the second number of the "National Missionary Intelligencer." Besides the interest created by the excellent notes on all matters connected with this new movement, especial pleasure comes from reading the list of subscribers to the fund, and the sums of money which are gradually and steadily pouring into the coffers of the Society. We quote the following:—

"When I was conversing with a Christian pleader in a Town a College student came up with a subscription card to me. A rich Hindu Gentleman had just then been discussing religion with us. He enquired as to what the card was about and was so struck by the indigenous aspect of it that he exclaimed 'I had thought it was European money that is at the bottom of it all. Have you also started? Then there is something in it, something in it!' So saying he immediately paid down a donation."

Just as in Europe and America the students in schools and colleges are a very powerful factor in the work of arousing interest in missions so in this land too we may expect to see the enlightened young men and women assuming their share—and more than their share—of the burden. In a very real sense the promoters of any charitable enterprise know what it means to obey the Lord's command as given by his apostle Paul "Bear ye one another's burdens;" but it is especially true of missionary endeavour. The greater part of the money given for such work is contributed by those who are least able to do it from a worldly point of view. We quote again from the "Intelligencer."

"The girls of the Wanamaker High School, Allahabad, have shown their practical sympathy for the Society not only by their contributions but by the way they are trying to influence others. A correspondent writes that 'soon after starting the Society in our School, the next step we took was to write and ask our ex-pupils to try to start Branches in the Schools where they are now employed.' As a result of this, six more Branches have been started. The example set by the Wanamaker High School, should be followed by other Christian Schools and Colleges in India."

From the list of acknowledgements we see that the above-mentioned school has contributed sixty rupees and two annas, which is no small sum for such an institution. God grant that many more schools may undertake to show their gratitude for the Lord's goodness by such practical means.

During the past week we have also received the third number of the "Indian Interpreter." Among the many interesting articles there is one which attracts the attention at once by its title "Is Hinduism a Religion?" It is im-

possible to quote at any length from this most interesting paper, but one paragraph at least is so pregnant that we wish to repeat it here that our readers may be drawn to a perusal of the entire discussion for themselves.

"What then is the nature of Hinduism? Can Hinduism be defined? It can certainly be defined as clearly as any *ism* can be defined; but the contention is that it is no religion. To call Hinduism a religion is to degrade that time-honoured term and, by placing it side by side with other solid edifices having solid foundations, to attach too much importance to a hollow and unsubstantial structure, with no foundation, but formed rather of layers upon layers, loosely bound together, of inconsistencies absurdities and local superstition, generally of recent growth, though a few may be six or seven centuries old, seemingly not older. The marrow and kernel of Hinduism is custom, which to a Hindu is all in all."

After this follows a discussion of the possibility of Hinduism, of its own accord, breaking up its deadening system of caste and custom, and the conclusion reached is as follows:—

"If the regeneration from within be out of date, one of the two world-wide religions, either that of the Cross or that of the Crescent, will ultimately prevail and reform the Hindu society by dealing a death-blow to its Hinduism, whether the Hindus will it or not. Christianity has today many advantages which Islam has not; but the former has, at least in the eyes of the non-Christian thinkers, sadly blundered in perpetuating the pernicious caste system in the south of India, by drawing even in churches a bold line of demarcation between the high-caste and low-caste converts in direct opposition to the teaching of the founder of that religion, while the latter presents a genuine bond of 'brotherhood' the value of which both the old and the new converts fully realize and appreciate."

This is an energetic statement of a fact, which it *be* a fact must certainly be a cause of shame in the ranks of Christ's followers. The editor would ask the readers of the *Nur Afshan* to answer this question for themselves with reference to their own particular Christian communities. "Has Christianity failed to eliminate this noxious caste principle from among those whom it has brought out from the Hindu society?" If so what is to be done to correct such a fatal error, and establish a true practice as well as theory of our Lord's teaching.

This is no simple matter to be dealt with summarily; but that it must be dealt with radically is growing every day more apparent.

KANG'S FAILURE.

BY REV. JAMES S. GALE, SEOUL.

Kang lived with his little brother in their mud hut near the long stretch of sea where the boats of the fishermen were. He had not known anything of the outside world, or even heard of it, till he had grown to be most a man. Though a Korean he studied Chinese at odd times in the village school, and for the rest of his spare days he and his brother gathered firewood on the mountains. They carried a brass gong that they beat, "dang-dang, dang-dang," to keep tigers away, and so the years went by, and they had grown up and were married, and Western people had come and gone in the big ships that move by fire instead of wind. Some of these people had landed to stay, and were living on the hills overlooking the shore. It was said that they were teachers and had medicine for all kinds of sickness.

In the hot months of summer, when the breezes from the sea failed, and the sun beat down on the straw-thatched village, many people died of the "contagious sickness," or as we say in English, typhus. There were prayers said to the spirits, and rags were hung on the trees to keep the sick-devil away, but it moved from house to house, and one day Kang, with wan, haggard face, made a call on the stranger on the hill and asked for medicine. The missionary was not a physician and was but poor help at such times, but he told Kang about a great Physician and also gave him what medicine he had.

It was nearly a month before Kang returned, scarcely able to walk; he dragged himself up the hill to tell me that the medicine was not powerful enough. He had lived; but his brother was dead, and his brother's wife, and his own wife, all were dead, and there remained just his old mother and his own little boys. Kang had loved his brother evidently, and many remembrances come back to him of the days when they had climbed the hills together;—as for his wife I am not able to say, he made no reference to her. She was dead, that was all. A few days later I saw the hut with its tragic history, so poor, and low, and equalid, the old woman in the kitchen, the two lads with uncombed hair, and the little baby; nothing could have looked more desolate or hopeless. Assuredly the gods of the heathen give their people hard work and poor fare.

Among those who listened intelligently to the story of the good news was Kang. He felt a strong, peculiar drawing toward the doctrine of the stranger. To accept of it meant giving up ancestor-worship, being shut out from the gatherings of the clan and no longer sharing in the counsels of his native town. There would be insult from those who used to be his friends. It meant a whole lot in the way of loss to him, who already had lost most everything, and just where was the gain? It said, "Peace and joy here and life hereafter." But there was no weighing of gain or loss one over against the other; loss or gain he just had to yield and

be a Christian. And so he yielded and as the months went by he was baptized; the little baby who had no mother was baptized as well. But its life took no hold on earth, and like so many babies in the Hermit land it stayed just a few days and was gone. Kang carried the little box under his arm and buried it beneath the pines on the hillside with its mother.

A new thought struck Kang; he would enlarge one of his rooms, run a lodging-house on week days and a church on Sunday. The church part of it was assuredly Kang's success. Many a time that room was packed to suffocation, and the home that knew only typhus and other disease-devils was filled with praises and salvation songs. No one caught fever from it, but many listened and there were fruits of great joy gathered from Kang's home. There were meetings for testimony. One who had been a heathen said, "I'm so happy, my wife and I." Another said, "I was a fighter and a top-knot puller till the Lord called me, Blessed be His name!" Another, an odd old stick, but I have no doubt a Christian, "I don't care for Peter or Paul or any of those, they were only men, you can't depend on what they say, but the Lord Jesus Christ for me only!"

The meeting was interrupted for the missionary to make an explanation. Peter and Paul were inspired to write what God wanted, and we call what they said God's Word.

Then they all joined in singing:

Those who trust in Jesus' Name,
Shout His praises, shout His praises!
Jesus Christ, the one who came,
Ever shout His praises!

The scene is changed to-day; the company who met in that room, many of them are dead—all are scattered, only memory keeps fresh those gatherings that will have their bearing on lives and years still to come.

Times were hard, and Kang knocked about for a living. His mind was alive to the great western world that had burst so suddenly upon his view, and he devised all sorts of plans; one was for catching foxes. He had obtained dynamite from some source or other that I know not, and he dropped dried fish-heads along the hillside with a small piece of the explosive in the mouth; the fox or dog that came by and picked this up never knew what happened. "Bang," and that was end of fish-head and fox-head. When I heard of his deadly method of trapping foxes, I warned Kang of the danger. He said he would be careful, but probably would have kept on had not a terrible tragedy put an end to fox-dynamiting, Kang's friend, carrying some of this "mixture," stopped in a home thirty miles distant, where I had put up two nights before. He was explaining to the house servant and two others the nature of the goods that he carried, when suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and the end of the house was blown out. Kang's friend was no longer recognizable,—mangled, dead. The house



servant was badly injured, but lived. Fortunately, the man and his wife were both out at the time. Kang wore a long face for many a day. "No more dynamiting," said he.

Kang said he was not as happy in his Christian life as he would like to be. I said, "Kang, not quite fully yielded up, isn't that the trouble? That's just about all the trouble, anywhere, with every Christian. Give up the fight and let God have a chance!" "Yes, but," said Kang, "we too must work, you know. We can't sit still and say God will do it all. We must take a hand." So Kang took a hand in the fashioning of his Christian life, and that was Kang's failure. I called one day at his shop where he was selling goods, and after a little time he showed me a bottle and asked if I knew what it was. "Prussic acid," was the mark on the bottle. "This is a deadly poison, Kang." "Yes, I know, but I keep it on the upper shelf out of the way of danger. There is a tiger that has raided the village out here and I mean to have a 'try' at him."

Some nights later Kang and his friend had taken up their post in a hidden nook on the mountain side. They had tied a little pig to a tree near the path that looked like a tiger run. Much to the pig's disgust they had painted him first with prussic acid, and had left him a prisoner, fast to the tree. There had been a light fall of snow and the air was cold, and the waiting long and cregy, but, sure enough, a signal came from the pig, one or two frantic squeals, and then silence. Something had happened. They waited until the first streaks of dawn showed them a way across the spur, and the pig was missing, and there were the broad tracks of the tiger. Cautiously they followed him over the hill, down the valley. Here was a sight! The tiger had been taken with nausea and had vomited up a great quantity in the snow. On they pushed, with all the excitement that goes with such a chase, and there at last in a hollow, where he had crawled to hide himself and die, lay a huge tiger, blackstriped and yellow-coated. The carcass was too great to carry, so they skinned him and brought home the head. I examined the teeth and jaws of the fierce monster and could not but feel pride in Kang's success. This man-eater was dead, and a source of terror removed from the helpless villages.

But tiger hunting is like gold hunting, there is a demoralizing excitement that goes with it. It is not good for the Christian's spiritual health, unless he be very prayerful all the while. But there were more tigers, and I had advised against prussic acid. Would I let Kang have my rifle, a fifty calibre, Peabody and Martins' patent, that used long, deathdealing cartridges? I let him have ten shells with all manner of warning to be careful. There was a steel rod with which to wipe out the gun. It was well.

Kang went home and the village came to see. They

loaded down the barrel and up the breech. Would he not shoot it off just once and let then?—and there was a great report in that village. Then he undertook to clean it and the steel rod and rag were rammed in. So far they went, no further, he would pull them out, but no, then he would shove it further in, but neither would it go. Then there was a tug of war, Kang at the rifle and all hands at the rod, but it remained *in statu quo*. "Look here," said Kang, "why waste all this energy when one more cartridge will do the whole thing?" There was a second report, not a clear cut shot like number one, but an earbursting 'squizz' that shattered all their sensibilities. Something was the matter,—Kang's face was singed with powder and the gun was damaged. He brought it home. "Talk about danger in dynamite and prussic acid, nothing equals this gun, *mokea* (pastor) please take it back."

Kang's way grew fraught with danger. At church he prayed that God would guide them, and thanked Him for all the blessings He had given, without price so fully bestowed. He prayed for his country that it might be a decent land and not the laughing stock of all the earth. Would not God convert those in power, and give them magistrates acquainted with His way? Kang asked about Washington, was he not a Christian man? and Cromwell and other reformers, whom he had begun to read about. What should a Christian do in a country like this, where all is going to the dogs? "Do his daily work as a Christian should and pray to God the while." "But we ourselves must lend a hand if we would expect a blessing."

I never saw Kang again. He lives still, I believe, but he is a wanderer away from his home and kindred, shut off in the wilds of Siberia. It came in this way. There was a plot to overturn the government. A son-in-law of the last King, no less, was moving it, an enlightened man who proposed to be a Christian, different altogether from the creatures then in power. Here was Kang's chance, he would join the Christian crusade, and help oust the old devil-worshipping dynasty and its abominations. David had killed the lion and the bear in preparation for Goliath of Gath. Kang had dynamited foxes and had captured the man-eater on the hills. Yes; the missionary would say no; but still he would join the crusaders and throw in his lot with Pak, undoubtedly the coming man. The preparation, the rendezvous at Fusan, the battle in the hills with the government troops where the crusaders were worsted, scattered, peeled,—there is no need to tell of it, all too painful to think of.

Then came a file of men in irons up to the capital. There was a trial and a few days later the grim execution. Kang was not among them, but his name was posted and the police were on his track. In the cover of darkness he bade a hasty good-bye to some of his old friends and associates, and

disappeared into the far north where flows the Amoor or Black Dragon River.

Kang had tried to lend a hand, poor chap, and had marred some of the plans that God had for him. Perhaps the Korean's life has a lesson in it for us all. Pray for Kang sometimes, wont you? We all make failures.

A REMARKABLE MOVEMENT AMONG THE GONDS.

The Gonds, like all the other aboriginal tribes of India, have been from time immemorial addicted to the use of alcoholic liquor, which is easily distilled from the Mohwa fruit which grows in abundance all over the Gond country. At wedding and funeral feasts and other social gatherings huge quantities of this liquor are consumed, and it is by no means an uncommon sight to see all, or nearly all, the guests on such an occasion lying about in a state of intoxication, sometimes for days together. Whenever remonstrated with on the subject they reply (1) that it is the custom of their tribe and therefore must be followed; (2) that they cannot do their religious observances without the use of this liquor; and (3) does not the Government sell it to them?

Quite recently a remarkable movement has arisen among the people themselves, having as its object the entire abolition from their midst of the drink habit. The reason given is that the leaders of the tribe (which numbers probably more than two millions), have come to realise that their almost entire loss of material possessions, as well as of the prestige they at one time enjoyed, is due to their drinking habits, and the movement is a combined effort to improve their status generally.

This new development seems to have begun in the eastern side of the principal home of the Gonds, the Satpura Hills, and is rapidly spreading westward and northward. The *modus operandi* is for the leading Gonds in a given locality, on receiving official information of the action of their fellows in a neighbouring district, to assemble in *panchayat* (committee) and discuss the new movement; in every case, so far as it has been learned, a decision has been arrived at to take similar action, and a rule is made prohibiting henceforth the use of alcoholic liquor entirely, under penalty of a heavy fine, in default of which exclusion from caste. This decision is made known in all the neighbouring villages among the Gonds, and an official communication of their action is passed on by the *panchayat* to the next district. So far, it looks as if the Gonds are likely to practically free themselves from a habit which has ruined them, at a stroke, and there is evidence that the new rule is being rigorously enforced. At first there was some fear on the part of the people that Government would view the movement with displeasure in consequence of the loss of revenue involved, but I am glad to be able to add that

the Commissioner of the Division and the Deputy Commissioner of this District are giving the people to understand that they view their action with much satisfaction and will gladly lose the revenue of the loss as the result of the sobriety of the Gonds.

Balaghat, C.P. India.

J. LAMPARD.

OPPORTUNITIES BRING BANE OR BLESSING.

If the individual life in its higher moods has freer play than a hundred years ago, it is not the only element so affected. Greatly as opportunities have increased for the development of the higher nature, they are slight as compared with the increase of the opportunities for the less noble elements of our being. The opportunities for personal comfort, amusement, gratification, are today such as they have never been before, and people today are availing themselves of them to the utmost. And with this use, not to call it abuse or indulgence, comes a weakening of power, because people easily get to feel that they have a right to the things that it is possible for them to get. . . . More and more people are beginning to feel the weight of too much liberty. More and more people are coming to see again the value of discipline. There is great need of teaching that certain things absolutely must be, whether they please us, or interest us, or not—must be for the good of all.

—E. E. Hale, Jr., in *Bookman*.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

BY FRANCES VAN ETEN.

Oh, I am happy in the morning when the sun begins to peep.

And the golden colours shoot up in the sky;
And the little birds are singing that they're thankful for their sleep,

And are telling how they'll breakfast by and by.

Oh! I am happy at the noon-time when the sun is getting hot,

And the poplar leaves are rustling in the heat;
The old dog is getting lazy and the dinner's in the pot,
And the longing and the stretching's very sweet.

Oh! I am happy in the evening when the sun hangs red and low,

And the promise for the morning's bright and clear;
And the supper bell is ringing in a way that seems too slow,

And I'm very glad that bed-time's drawing near.

—Leslie's Weekly.

Since all the riches of this world

May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshiped the devil
If I thank my God for worldly things.

The countless gold of a merry heart,

The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,

The idle man never can bring to the mart,

Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.

—William Blake.

THE KIWIKIWI.

"Wouldn't a little bird look funny if he didn't have any wings?" Puss said. She and Johnny were sitting on the steps watching some robins.

"A bird wouldn't be a bird if he didn't have wings," cried Johnny.

"O, yes it would!" said Uncle Fred. The uncle was sitting in a chair near, reading his paper. He had heard what they said. "I can tell you about a bird that has neither wings nor tail."

"O Uncle Fred, you never really saw a bird like that!" Puss exclaimed.

"Indeed I did," replied her uncle. "I saw such a one when I was in New Zealand. It was called the kiw-kiwi, or apteryx, and is a very queer bird, indeed. It would make you laugh to see one."

"It makes me laugh to hear about it," Johnny said.

"How large is it?" Puss asked.

"About as large as a full-grown hen. Its feathers are very soft and pretty. The New Zealanders use them to trim their dresses."

"The skin with the feathers on it is used to make the mantle of a chief. No person of a lower order is allowed to wear one."

"The kiw-kiwi has a very long beak. When it is resting, it puts its down on the ground. Then it looks like a ball on three legs."

"The bird is a fast runner, and the natives pursue him at night with spears and torches."

"It does not move about much in the daytime. It is a night bird. It lives on worms, and uses its bill to dig them out of the ground."

"And doesn't it really have any wings or tail?" Johnny asked. He could not quite believe a bird could live without wings or tail.

"No," Uncle Fred said, "hardly a sign of either."

"It must be a strange bird," Johnny said; and Puss thought so, too.

—Our Little Ones.

A SONNET OF PEACE.

BY F. W. LEWIS, D. D.

I sought to know the way of peace, to find
The sunlit portals opening on the road,
Where burdened souls might ease them of their load,
And sweet serenity enwrap the tortured mind.
At first I groped along as one half blind,
Still thinking peace and pleasure had the same abode;
That happiness her highest gifts bestowed
On him who wrought what he himself designed.
At last one day, forgetful of my quest,
I gave myself to service wheresoe'er
God's Word and Spirit pointed out the way.
And then, at last, I entered into rest,
And, unsuspecting, found the truth made clear,
Obedience's path is that of peace away.

—Southwestern Presbyterian.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A fox met a stork and invited him to dinner. "With all my heart, friend," said the stork.

When they arrived at the home of the fox, and dinner was served, he was not so happy.

The fox had fine, hot soup, but he served it in shallow plates.

The poor stork could only stand by and watch the fox eat.

The fox seemed to think that it was a very good joke.

The next day the stork met the fox and invited him to dinner. The stork brought out fine hot soup in a high, narrow-necked bottle, but the fox could not see the joke at all.

The stork said: "Friend Fox, enjoy your dinner. I hope that the soup is as well flavoured as yours was yesterday."

As he said this he poured out half of the soup into a bowl and set it before the fox.

The cunning old fox felt so ashamed that he has never looked any one straight in the face since that day.

—Nature Myths and Stories.

HOW MUCH?

Nellie told her mamma that she loved her "a whole world full."

"But," said papa, "tell me, my little daughter Nellie, how much you *do* for mamma, and then I can tell you how much you really love her."

Little workers, it is not how much you say you love Jesus, but how much you do for him, that shows whether or not your love is real.

It is easy to talk but not so easy to do; yet, if the heart is in it, how cheerfully work for Jesus will be done.

Little reader, how much do you love Jesus? How much are you doing to prove your love to him?

—Little Worker.

A little corner for my Lord to till,
A little chalice for my Lord, to fill,
Some blessedness to know, of labour done,
Some quiet resting at the set of sun—
And comes God's peace to overbrim my soul;
Life hath no fragments. 'Tis a perfect whole.
Such grace as comes when hand and heart unite
To finish every task as in his sight,
Who stoops from heaven to give me, day by day,
His smile of cheer upon my humble way,
Such grace brings melody to flooding soul;
Life hath no fragments. 'Tis a perfect whole.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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